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Yes, dear Lord, we're sand and pebbles,  
We're scattered, underfoot are trod ;  
But the stars, the bright, the sparkling,  
The stars, the stars—where are they, God? . . . .

### THE FIDDLE.

Good morrow, my masters, my fiddle and I  
Before you make bold to appear.  
(Come, fiddle-strings, children, be merry, I pray!)  
A song will it please you to hear?

May-be, sirs, you know that a bantling to-day  
Was born to Salomith, the wife  
Of Veitel the fiddler—the stars have foretold  
A long and a prosperous life.

He's swaddled and dandled and fed and caressed,  
They kiss his wee hands and his feet.  
The fiddler-chick grows, why, an inch to a day!  
(Sing, fiddle-strings, gaily and sweet!)

And out of his cradle the fiddler-chick creeps,  
He walks and he talks, and to-day  
He toddles to school, to the Rabbi he goes.  
(Oh, hark how I merrily play!)

He learns aleph—beth, and the Pentateuch reads,  
The Talmud—in study is wrapt;  
And now he's "bar-mitsvah," he's twelve years old—  
(twang!  
What was it? a fiddle-string snapt!)

And day follows day still, and week follows week,  
The months and the years, how they flee!  
The fiddler-chick, praised be the name of the Lord!  
A man and a bridegroom is he.

The fiddler-chick now is a bridegroom, a man,  
A father—misdoubt me who will!

(No matter! the fiddle plays merrily yet:  
He boards with *her* family still!)

Out, out of the nest now, and look to thyself,  
And thine be the loss and the gain,  
Oh, fiddler-chick! (see the string leaping and—snap!  
Another one broken in twain!)

And year follows year, and old age comes at last.  
Cough, hobble, and groan, and drag on  
A little while longer, a few more days yet—  
(Another, the third one, has gone!)

And now the old fiddler lies stretched on his bed,  
(One string still is left to me—one!)  
He feels for his fiddle, he longs for it—nay!  
His playing is over and done.

The fiddle-string shudders, it shivers and sighs,  
It moans—you would think it had spoken!  
The string, how it stretches and strains itself—ah,  
'Tis broken, the last one is broken!

'Tis broken—and useless and mute on the ground  
The fiddle, it lies where it fell.  
Both fiddle and fiddler have come to an end,  
The song, too, is finished—farewell!

### STOLEN.

ONCE upon a time a lovely,  
Black-eyed, little Roman matron,  
With a sage and ancient teacher  
Reasoned of the Jew's religion.